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# Contents

	Page
In Memoriam .....	4
Greater Love Hath No Man Than This .....	5
Among the Craggs .....	9
The Making of an Outlaw.....	11
Shattered Dreams .....	14
The Sunset Gun .....	15
A Loaf of Bread .....	16
A Plucky Struggle .....	17
At the Round-Up .....	18
Editorials .....	19
School Notes .....	21
Society Notes, Domestic Science Notes, Debate Notes.....	23
Class Notes .....	26
Athletics .....	27
Girl's Athletics .....	31
A. H. S. Calendar .....	32
Exchange .....	34
Alumni .....	35
Jokes .....	38





## IN MEMORIAM

"To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die."

**I**T was with the greatest sorrow that we heard of the sad death of one of our most beloved High School alumni, Carl Sanders.

He was born in 1893, being twenty years of age at the time of his death, having been drowned on the 31st of December, 1913. He entered and finished the grammar school in this city; entering the High School in February 1909, with a well-earned reputation. He graduated in June, 1913.

Probably no other boy has ever been more honored than Carl Sanders during his four years in our High School. He was a boy always prominent in the High School activities, being president of the Senior and Junior class, Vice President of the Student Body, Captain of the Foot-ball team last year, and holding many other minor offices.

A boy always dependable, true, good, and kind, cheerful and genial, such was the character of Carl Sanders, one whose future was indeed bright and whom we are certain would have made an honored name in the realm of success.

## FIRST PRIZE STORY.

Greater Love Hath No Man,  
Than This.

DeWitt Gilbert, '14.

WINTER, brutal with all the fierceness of an arctic blizzard had chained Alaska in its frozen grip of ice. Over the massive mountain ranges and down the white valleys of the still, silver-cased rivers beat the frigid breath of Boreas, hard and chill, fresh from the icy expanses of the Arctic ocean. Bitter cold and blizzards are no uncommon occurrence in the North, but never, in the seven short years that the white men had known the country around Nome, had winter fallen so quickly or struck so hard. Communication and travel were completely smothered under the blanket of snow that in some places covered the roofs of the houses. Nome itself had little to fear but when the out lying camps and solitary mines were spoken of men shook their heads and said little.

On Lonesome Creek, fifty-seven miles northeast of Nome and four thousand feet up in the air, the storm that had smitten the lower regions along the coast was doubly severe. On the single camp on Lonesome Creek from which Kirk Harding and Lan Daniels worked their claim, the blizzard had imposed a condition that was trying indeed. Harding and Daniels had located that spring on the creek that numerous prospectors had decided was "no pay." Throughout the summer months they had worked with little or no compensation. They had slaved in the yellow mud and slushy mine unrewarded until nearly the time when they had decided to abandon the diggings for the winter. Then they struck "pay," and struck it rich. Disregarding the fact that winter was near at hand and that their stock of provisions was running low, they decided to run the risk and put in another fortnight at their now very productive diggings. At night, before they quit work, they would build a fire at the bottom of their shallow shaft, pile on a great quantity of wood and leave it till morning. The next day they would rake away the embers of the fire and work up that part of the earth that had been thawed. Such was the crude and miserable way in which they were forced to work their claim. Hard work though it was, at the close of each day that they spent groveling at the bottom of the shaft they poured a hundred and twenty dollars worth of nuggets into the baking powder can that was their common bank. Each

day the supply of food got lower, each day the fire thawed less earth at the bottom of the shaft. And yet each day that they dug the "pay dirt" grew richer and the prospect better. A week slipped by and they were well into the second one when a most unusual day dawned. It was bitter cold and the fire had thawed less than ever before and yet no breath of wind stirred the biting atmosphere. No sound came, the dread, deep silence of the North brooded over all the white world. The tiny wisp of pale blue smoke that curled lazily out of the chimney of the dreary cabin rose straight upward and lost itself in the heights without ever varying its course. On the rugged, craggy shoulders of the peak that rose above the little valley with its white-paved floor where the spruces grew not, no movement, no motion gave evidence that a breath of air was stirring. All Nature, all the North, seemed waiting, pausing expectantly for something; it knew not what.

Lan Daniels sniffed the air surprisedly when he burst open the door that had frozen fast and first looked out upon the silent world. "Looks like it might storm a bit, Kirk. I hope it don't 'cause we ain't got grub enough to stand much of a blizzard and besides every day we miss means we lose more than a month's work back in the states."

"Hum-m-m," remarked his companion, leaving the breakfast he was preparing, to gaze out the door. "Does look kind of bad for certain. She has that quiet way, just like a shot o' dynamite the minute before she goes off."

Thrashing their arms about them the men soon dived into the shaft and commenced their monotonous labors. So engrossed were they that the swift change that came over the heavens passed unnoticed. Great, grey snow clouds appeared above the mountains to the northeast and swiftly spread across the whole sky. Fitful gusts of wind stirred the snow laden spruces and they gave up their burdens with a soft swish and sigh. Still all was quiet but more than before, it was a brooding stillness, a heavy silence that promised ill. Softly flakes of fine, sand-like snow spun down and with it came the wind. Not in slowly strengthening gusts but in one crashing blast that bent the trees level or snapped them short. In the mine the men noted not the coming of the storm till this burst swept masses of snow down on their laboring backs. "Holy Maackerel," grasped Harding as the miniature avalanche dropped upon them, "it's here, and a regular corker I'll bet." Serambling up the ladder the men were scarcely able to keep their footing against the freezing hurricane. With lowered heads and laboring feet they struggled through the wind, that buffeted them more and more severely at every turn, to their abode that stood, scarcely visible,



only a scant twenty yards away. They piled on through the door and slammed it fiercely behind them. "Jerusalem, we've waited three days too long already," panted one, "If this blow piles up much snow we'll be cooped up here for months."

"You bet," rejoined his pardner, "and it won't be any joke to be snow bound for three or four months when we've only got grub enough for two weeks. We made a mistake in sticking it out this last week but what's done's done and we've got to face the music even if it is a dead march."

All that day, and that night, and the next, and every day and night for five days, the wind howled its hatred round the corners of the little hut. It flung against the walls and around the corners of the cabin deep drifts of the fine powdery snow that it carried in stinging lines almost parallel to the earth. The blanket-like drifts rose above the windows, blotting out even the feeble rays of the darkened day. Higher and ever higher piled the snow till it covered even the little chimney. All through the long days of snow they lived on fractional rations, cutting down their allowance to barely enough to sustain life and yet, despite their efforts to conserve their meager supply, it dwindled rapidly. The storm ceased and the imprisoned men exerted every effort to release themselves. The door was opened but the fine sandy snow rolled in in great quantities, necessitating a hurried closing of the entrance. The snow was not like ordinary snow, it would not pack but sifted and ran like so much sugar. It was really granulated ice. Any effort on their part to open a passageway was defeated by the sliding sifting mass that closed their doors and barred all avenue of escape.

Days passed and the men spoke little, they both knew that Death lurked outside the hut and that only a miraculous thaw could drive him off. They nearly gave up hope, for who ever heard of a thaw at this time of year and so soon after a blizzard? It must come in a very few days or it would be too late. The store of food had dwindled to a little heap that would not be enough for an invalid's scanty meal. Still through it all neither of the pardners took more than his just share and he always took that in the other's presence. It was a common store, they would share a common fate.

"Kirk," said Daniels in a broken voice after they had consumed the last vistage of their store of food, "all this comes from our cursed love of gold. We're in the same fix as old King Midas whom we read about when we were kids. If we had only been content with thirty thouasnd this year instead of trying to make it forty we could have come back

next year and made ourselves rich, and more, we could enjoy life which is one thing that money can not buy.

"Right again, Lan, but I've been thinking that as things stand now both of us will shuffle off in a couple of days at most and if one of us were to croak now the other fellow, if he were careful, would be able to live till a thaw comes on what is left of the dead one. Meat keeps mighty well when the mercury stands thirty below zero. What do you think, Lan? Will you take a chance with me for who is to kill himself?"

"I have thought of the same thing and I believe that it is best, though it is an awful thing to do, and I've thought of a way to cast the lot. You see that tin can over yonder, filled with the yellow boys that got us into all this trouble? Well, we'll count the nuggets in it and if there's an even number of them it's your turn to go out and if there's an odd number I'll do it myself. That's fair enough so suppose we draw that way."

"I'm willin'. Get the can."

The can was brought and a heavy weight it made indeed. The golden metal that it contained was in large irregularly shaped nuggets that weighed from one to two ounces each. In the middle of the table was piled the fatal heap. With shaking fingers they began the count that was to spell the death of one. "One I love, two I love, three I love, I say. Did ye ever play that charming game, Kirk," said Daniels with a feeble attempt at jocularity.

"Yep, wunst, with a girl, back in Kentucky. Kind of fun ain't it?—Twenty seven, twenty eight, twenty nine—." The count went steadily on, slow and sure as death itself.

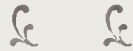
The pile diminished slowly and Lan Daniels, scanning hurriedly ahead, saw that the fatal number would fall in his pardner's pile. Lan loved the man across the table from him and well knew that he himself could never allow his friend to die that he might be saved. He could not live that way, he'd make the fatal number his instead. Quickly as the resolutin was made a plan was formed. The difference of but one nugget in the pile would give the fatal number to him and would let his companion go free. "Listen," he whispered and when Harding raised his eyes Lan's hand leaped forward and signed his own death warrant by siezing one of the nuggets. Kirk turned back to the table and Daniels growled, "It's nothing and there ain't apt to be anything but more snow for the next six months—. Forty nine, fifty, fifty one, FIFTY TWO, FIFTY THREE, FIFTY FOUR, FIFTY FIVE. !!!! Kirk, you win, YOU WON," he screamed insanely. I took my chance and lost and now I'll take the dose of bitter medicine." Lan

leaped to his feet and pausing not a heart-beat drove a sheath-knife home into his breast. He swayed for a minute then his knees sagged and with a groan he slumped forward onto the floor. The quivering body thrashed wildly for an instant, then shivered and relaxed. From one of the slowly opening hands a golden nugget rolled!!!

Harding had watched this strange tragedy with a sort of dazed passiveness but the sight of that lump of gold brought the truth to his semi-conscious brain. He leaped up screaming. "The fifty sixth count, Lan took my place. He killed himself for me and I was blind enough to let him do it!!! God help me." On the table he bowed his head.

The fire went out and the cold crept in and still Kirk Harding felt it not. He only knew that he wished to die and die, he did.

The utter silence of the Far North settled down, but night came and brought with it a change. There was a softer, warmer feeling in the air; the Chinook was coming!! And it did come, blowing lightly at first and then with steadily increasing volume until it was almost a storm. The soft rain wind of the Pacific. And all night long it blew and with it was the roar of the flooded Lonesome Creek and the rushing and drip of the slushy snow. Next morning the soggy, sodden ground was almost bare of snow. The thaw had come two hours too late.



## SECOND PRIZE STORY.

# "Among The Crags"

Willie Heckard.

*A "Freshies" First Attempt."*

**I**T was a cold, bleak, wintery day in the Northern part of Yukon, one of those days when the majority of people like to gather around the fire place, roast chestnuts, tell ghost-stories, and do endless things to drag away the dreary hours; the sky had a cloudy appearance which foretold snow and the thermometer registered at zero.

But a true hunter likes to be out on this kind of a day, to track the cougar to his lair, to track the moose to his yard, and to shoot the crafty old lynx waiting at the runway of its prey.

These are the days Nature speaks and we feel joyful for living upon such a good old world.

Nestled down in the lonesome and most dreary part of Yukon be

tween two mountains is a snug little log cabin. In this little cabin there lives a hunter and trapper by the name of Bill Kennedy. He has lived there ever since he was seventeen and now he was twenty-five; six foot in his moccasins and as strong as pepper.

Early this morning Bill rose, ate a scanty breakfast, grabbed up his "30-30," got in his canoe and paddled across a lake by his cabin, striking for a moose-yard.

The lake was surrounded by forests and mountains and on the other side by tall steep crags. When half way across Bill looked up into the air and beheld a mere speck in the sky which he knew to be the bald-eagle, that lived in the crags on the other side of the lake. The speck grew larger and larger until it disappeared in the lake near the crags to soon appear with a large rainbow trout in his talons. Then with a mighty flap of his wings and low weird cry circled round and round until he was a mere speck again and glided gracefully to its nest among the cliffs as if challenging Bill to follow.

Life went along smoothly for Bill until spring, when he got a curious notion, like most of the human race is bothered with, to visit the eagle's nest which was built securely in the jutting boulders high out of the reach of man.

So early one morning he set out and by noon was near the nest. It was a long, dangerous climb, and was made more dangerous by the fact that he had to climb above the nest and then descend to the ledge.

All went well until he was above the ledge, when a rock gave way and he was thrown on his back upon the ledge where the eagle's nest lay.

Bill found, to his horror, that he had wrenched his ankle in his fall and realized that he would have to stay up there until he could at least walk on it without intense pain.

"Oh," groaned Bill as he gazed down at his cozy little cabin; then with a sigh, "and all thru curiosity."

In his pain he had forgotten all about the eagle's nest. When he investigated he found he was on a ledge about twenty feet long and far at the other end he beheld a pile of limbs and straw, and huddled up in this was a little bald eagle and Bill noticed particularly that it had a black spot on its left eye.

Bill sat down, studying the proposition over carefully all the time—two weeks up there without food, but there was a small rivulet in the rocks so he at least had water.

He was looking blankly out into the atmosphere when he saw a large bird shoot thru the air far below him and saw a jet of spray on the



lake as the bird entered the water, but soon emerged, and began to circle upward until he glided toward the nest on the ledge and when he was directly over the nest he dropped the fish and flew away.

Bill, now very hungry, took the fish and made ready to eat it, but remembering the small bird he shared some with it. True, the raw fish was not very palatable, but it was better than nothing at all, and would at least keep Bill from starving.

To make a long story short Bill lived on the ledge until his leg was well, the old eagle bringing him fish from the lake several times each day.

After being up there two weeks he started his descent, but not until he had bidden little "Foster Brother" (which he had now christened the eagle) goodbye. In a short time, tho' his descent was painful, he reached the ground in safety.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the Chicago Zoo a large bald eagle with a large black spot back over its eye was pacing and fluttering about its cage.

An old man of sixty tottered up to the cage and gave a start when he saw the eagle, turned, and went immediately to find the keeper.

This old man was none other than Bill Hunter, now very wealthy, having made a stake in the Rockies.

He purchased the eagle for five hundred dollars, took him to the country with him, and with a loving caress set him free.

With a joyful cry the eagle sprang into the air and circling higher and higher until Bill could scarcely see him, glided toward the frozen north, to the home that he loved.

## 2 2

### THIRD PRIZE STORY

## The Making of an Outlaw

Elizabeth Vimot.

**T**HERE was a sad heart in the low-stained, gloomy little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some elms.

"WHY is it that some people have everything and some of us have comparatively nothing? Has not the heavenly Father heard my pleading prayer," sobbed the heart-broken widow, mother of two little children.

It was Christmas Eve, as Mrs. Bartlett sat by the kitchen stove, darning stockings and wondering if there were any means by which she could get a few things for her precious babes' Christmas.

Jack Prater, who was looking for his supper had been guided to this little cottage by the dim light shining thru the window. Before knocking he peered in thru the window and the scene which he beheld, compelled him to go no farther. There, before his eyes was a picture undescribable. Two rosy cheeked, curly headed little girls, with sparkling eyes were kneeling by their mother's knee saying their prayers. There was a pathetic smile on Mrs. Bartlett's lips as she looked upon the uplifted faces of her children.

"God bless them," uttered Jack Prater, the desperate outlaw who was being searched for far and wide. Jack's own words startled him, for it had been many years since Jack had heard or repeated the word, God, unless it was used profanly. Never before had Jack heard a more touching prayer (he had heard many when a boy) than the one he now heard, as he stood by the window trembling like a child.

Though Jack was considered a bad character, he had a brave heart that was not made wholly of steel.

Jack, with a slow steady step turned away from the house. His brain was working hard and thoughtfully, but not until he was passing some of the beautiful homes of the city did he come to any conclusion.

Sauntering past the homes, he glanced in thru the windows; Jack felt a conscious pain within him as he contrasted the scene which he had just left and the one he now beheld. In each house, there were glittering lights and a Christmas tree weighted down with attractive toys.

It was nearing midnight when Jack crept softly to the window of one of these homes and cautiously opened it then crawled into the room. Gazing about him, he discovered a medium sized bank and with a trembling hand, he proceeded to unlock it.

"Whoop, what's that! Bet 'tis Santa Clause. He thinks I'm asleep but I'll just give him a little surprise. Old Santa thinks himself pretty clever about this time of year, so I'll show him I'm just as clever, argued little five year old Benny, as he sat up in bed, rubbing his sleepy, brown eyes.

He had heard the click of the bank as Jack opened it. Very much excited, he scrambled out of his little white bed and tiptoed into the dining room. Pushing back the portiers, he peeped into the room where he supposed Santa was busily arranging the toys.

A puzzled expression crossed Benny's face as he saw a tall, dark handsome young man standing with down-cast eyes and his hands were resting upon the bank.

"Wonder if that's Santa Claus? That man ain't fat and got a long gray beard. He hasn't even a bell on his clothes. Don't look like his picture one bit. Guess I'll go in and ask him if he's any relation to Santa," said Benny to himself.

Jack was quite startled by this unexpected intruder. He seemed to be hypnotized by this innocent little boy and could do nothing but stare at the still more puzzled Benny.

"I believe I is dreamin'," muttered Benny aloud.

This remark awakened Jack from his stupor. Without consideration of the danger of being caught, he began to converse in low tones to Benny.

"Joe, Joe, are you awake? Do you not hear voices in the parlor?" whispered Mrs. Bates to her husband.

Without any hesitation, Mr. Bates stole softly into the room, from which came the voices. There, to his astonishment was his little son sitting upon a strange man's lap, telling all about the family as far back as he could remember.

Mr. Bates understood the midnight visitor's motive, as he perceived the bank was open. He immediately summoned two police, who arrived in a short time.

Before Jack could realize his predicament, he was hand-cuffed by a bully police. With a brutal kick the police demanded Jack to explain his presence.

Jack had often had this experience before but he had never felt the sting of such treatment as he now did! His pride was deeply touched, however, there was nothing he could do except obey the command. Then Jack related the story of the little widow and said he had intended to take the money from the bank and bring it to the mother.

Jack's story was listened to without interruption. Christmas morning there were glad hearts in the little cottage that stood humbly by the roadside. Jack was a real Santa Claus now dancing around the Christmas tree making merriment for Dora and Dolly Bartlett who stood close to their mother clapping their tiny hands and shouting with glee and Jack Prater, who was once a villainous man was now pleading forgiveness from Mrs. Bartlett who proved to be his sister.

## Shattered Dreams.

**T**HIS was a pretty state of affairs after he had followed "her" half way around the world without even having seen her to speak to. "She" was the sole thought of his mind ever since the time he had dreamed of her, several months before, and had, as he confidently knew, fallen in love with her.

Time and time again he had tried to call, but her folks would not have it, and so the only time he could see her was to secretly meet her in the afternoons.

He had followed her and her folks across the continent to New York, then ever to England, and through Scotland always about to see her, but always just too late. It didn't seem right to him, that he should be refused the only girl he ever loved, but fate seemed to deem it the right thing, and he was at loss to know what could be done.

He was very tired after the sleepless nights he had spent, and he was at this moment very cold—no it was warm. The room seemed suddenly to become dark, except for the lights which flickered out from the fire place, casting shadows all about the room. Far in the distance could be heard the soft strumming of a guitar, and the melodious voice of a Hawaiian lover.

The air was perfumed with the fragrance of the Tropical growth, and everything was perfect, except—arousing himself to a sitting posture, his foot struck something soft. On looking down at his feet, there lay the "girl" on a great bear skin at the foot of the open fire-place.

She was a wonderful picture in her sleep, there seemed to be a smile on her face as though she were thinking of some happy time.

At last his highest ambitions had come true, here was everything in God's great creation to make him happy. Drawing closer to her, he fed his hungry soul, on her beauty, not only the physical beauty, but the sweet personality which he knew she possessed.

He dared not move for fear of disturbing her; and also because it was hard to realize that she was so near him while they were alone, and that she might vanish from sight as would a fairy in a dream. So he kept perfectly still, gazing down on her with all his love; when of a sudden she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

He knelt to the floor to take her in his arms and kiss her when he felt someone touching his shoulder.

Yes, after all it was cold and he gave a shudder, and sat upright rubbing his tired eyes. His mother had come downstairs to find the cause



of the light burning so late at night and had found him curled up in the morris chair fast asleep.

She asked him the reason for his tiredness but this brought forth an unintelligible mumble and a "good-night."

He slowly crept upstairs to his room and soon was falling asleep again, mumbling something about "cruel, cruel parents," and so forth.



*THE SUNSET GUN.*

Over the water at eventide,  
When the summer day is done,  
Goes solemn and thunderous far and wide  
The sound of the sunset gun.

And the flag that flutters on yonder mast,  
Sharp 'gainst the eastern sky,  
Falls as the shadows are lengthening fast,  
As the golden glories die.

And back from the crags on yonder shore,  
The echoes slowly come,  
Softer now than they were before,  
Of the solemn sunset gun.

And softly they float o'er the flowing tide,  
Telling the world to rest,  
Almost before, with the day, they've died,  
There in the crimson West.

—DeWitt Gilbert.



## A Loaf of Bread.

Hazel Pinnell, '15.

**T**HEY had at last agreed on a plan. Jack should dress up as a farmer boy and conceal the Confederate plans in one of the loaves of bread which he was to carry in a basket. Betty, his sister, was to remain somewhere near. If all went well he would rejoin her at a nearby farmhouse; but if anything should happen, he would fire two pistols in succession, and she was to go quickly for help.

At last, with many needless instructions from Betty to be careful of his life, he galloped off. Betty's eyes filled with tears as the thought came to her that she might never see her brother again, for being well known by both Union and Confederate soldiers, he might be recognized. Resolving to be brave, she jumped on her horse and rode slowly in the same direction which her brother had taken, so as to be near enough to get his signal if anything went wrong.

Meanwhile Jack had donned some farmer boy's clothes and set out with bread and some pies to tempt the appetite of the Union soldiers.

Soon he had sold all but three loaves and he had yet to pass three more sentinels. What if his bread should all be sold? what if they should want the last loaf in which the plans were concealed?

He hurried on, selling two more loaves of bread thus leaving only the precious loaf in the basket. He decided to avoid the last sentinel and make a run for his horse which was tied nearby. But luck was against him, for the sentinel, who had been patiently waiting his turn to get some bread "like mother used to make" determined to have that bread at any cost. Calling the boys to him, he asked for the bread, but Jack said, "Oh no, sir! This is my last loaf and I have promised it to my aunt who lives in that farmhouse over there", pointing to where a curl of smoke could scarcely be seen rising among the trees in the distance.

The sight of the fresh bread had so aroused the hunger of the soldier that without an other word he sprang forward and snatched the loaf from the basket. Breaking it open he quickly devoured it.

Great was Jack's dismay when he saw that the loaf did not contain the plans at all. Who had the plans? To whom had he sold the precious loaf? Entirely bewildered he rushed away to the farmhouse, where he was to meet Betty.

Upon asking for Betty he was given the following note:

"Jack, I am on my way to General ——— with the plans. I felt that someone would get them, so I took them—Betty." To say that Jack was surprised would be putting it mildly.

By this time Betty had reached General ———'s camp, tired and breathless. She delivered the plans to the general and was greeted by cheer after cheer.

When Betty reached home that night she told her brother that the only thing which worried her was that she might have given the bread to her own countrymen instead of to the Union soldiers.



## A Plucky Struggle.

Virginia Honston.

**J**UST as the sun was sinking to rest behind the western horizon a bob-cat stepped out of a little cave away up on the mountain side.

Taking a hasty but careful survey of the mountainside and all the surrounding country and seeing no enemy in sight she uttered a low whine and two little cubs came tumbling out of the cave. All three of them started to romp and play in the long grass in front of the cave.

Suddenly the old cat became alert. She sniffed the air again. She could scent her worst enemy, the man that lived in the valley. He had hunted her many times, but this was the first time he had tracked her to her lair.

She knew that she could not carry both cubs to a place of safety and she knew that she would not have time to take them one at a time, so decided to stay and fight it out.

She uttered a low cry that sent both cubs scurrying into the cave then she sprang into a tree just as a tall thin man emerged from a clump of bushes and trees in front of the cave. At sight of the cave he stopped and glanced quickly around. He saw the cat just as it was about to spring. He raised his gun, but before he could fire the cat sprang at him. He leaped nimbly to one side and shot, the bullet entering the cat's neck. She sprang again and the man dodged but in doing so tripped and fell. He leaped to his feet but lost his gun. He quickly drew his knife and as the cat sprang at him he dodged to one side and buried his knife to the hilt in it's throat. He then sprang for his gun, picked it up and shot the cat between the eyes. It had been a plucky struggle on both sides and the man had won.

## At The Round-Up

Dark was the night and wet,  
When that large audience met  
To see the girl's best bet—  
The Round-up.

First was the Faculty,  
Stone and his coterie,  
Liberal their policy,  
—At the Round-up.

Ne'er will I e'er forget  
That meeting Suffragette,  
I hear their ravings yet,  
—At the Round-up.

Loud was the noise they made,  
Clever the things they said,  
Well each her part portrayed,  
—At the Round-up.

Dor'thy Montgomery  
Brought forth her art gallery;  
Beauties you'd nowhere see,  
But at the Round-up.

"Music hath charms," they say,  
And there's no doubt it may;  
It pleased in every way,  
—At the Round-up.

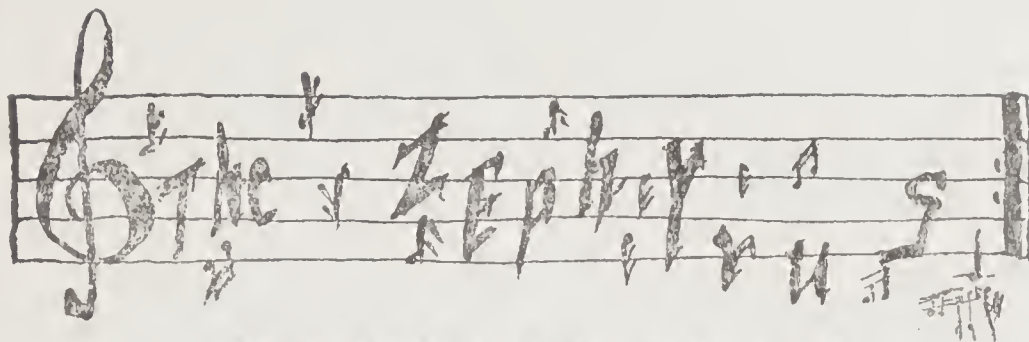
All kinds of wholesome eats  
Followed their funny feats;  
They were among the treats,  
—At the Round-up.

Cleverness each girl showed,  
Credit to all is owed,  
High praise must be bestowed,  
—On the Round-up.

Now when all's said and done,  
We must admit you shone;  
You girls pleased ev'ryone,  
—At the Round-up.

H. S. M. '14.





## ZEPHYRUS STAFF

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Jessie Garner, Editor-in-Chief

Dorothy Montgomery }  
 Lorens Logan }

Associate  
 Editors

### BUSINESS STAFF

Wetzel Griffin, Business Manager

Theron Skyles  
 Alex. Bremner

Advertising  
 Managers

### DEPARTMENT EDITORS.

Claudie Malarkey } Literary  
 Louise Morgan }

Edward Beard—School Notes

Rose O'Farrel—Girl's Athletics

Russell Fox—Alumni

DeWitt Gilbert }

Edward Beard } Jokes

Carrie Glaser—Exchange

Albert Anderson—Athletics

Dorothy Dunbar—A. H. S. Calendar

Asta Carlson—Debate

Margaret Barry—Who's Who and  
 Why

Published Quarterly by the Students of the Astoria High School

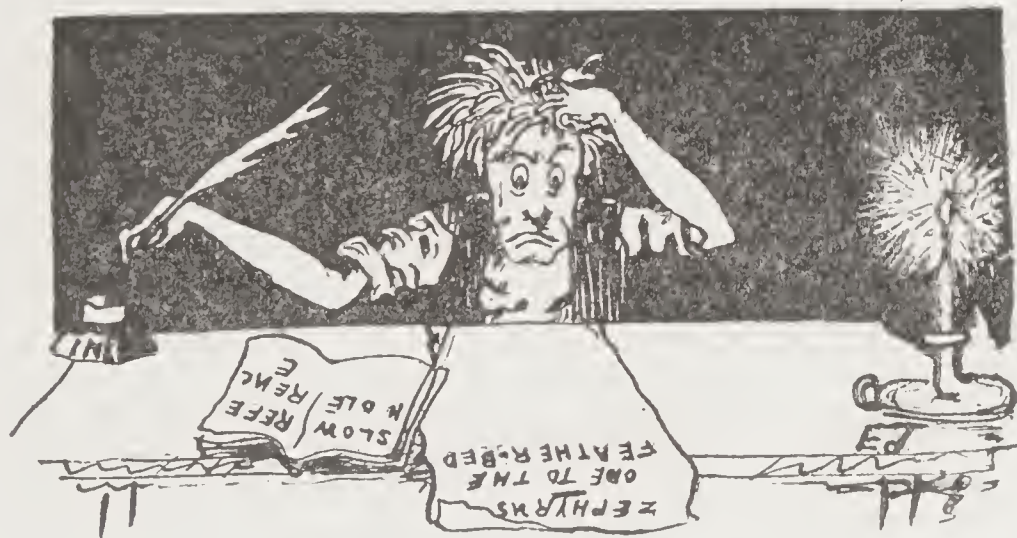
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Vol. I

JANUARY, 1913

No. 2



## EDITORIALS

A clean, new page for the New Year lies before us. At the top are written good resolutions. The page we have turned over is cluttered and

written with both failure and success. Let us endeavor to keep the page before us neat and without disfigurement and let one of your resolutions be "Contribute to the Zephyrus."

\* \* \* \*

Do you, the Students of the Astoria High School, realize what School Spirit is? Do not these words mean something to you? Or are you just content to come to school only to study, and never to "mix" in with the crowd and show a little enthusiasm? It is enthusiasm that counts much in the standard of the school.

Now, students, it is yours to show your School Spirit. Be proud of school. Do you realize that if one half of this number turned out to the different school functions, the Astoria High School would never go in debt?

Now, students, it is up to you to show your School Spirit. Be proud the dear old Astoria High! Do your best to maintain it as it should be!!

And if you are asked to buy a ticket to debate, basketball, football, or the like, don't shun them with, "I haven't any money," or similar statements, but at least buy one for yourself, and do your best to sell as many as you possibly can. If each student in the Astoria High School sold *only* two tickets to every school affair, the A. H. S. would never go in debt. And why couldn't they? Is there any reason why they can't? If so, let us hear it! Does not every student in this school know *some one* person outside of school to whom he could sell a ticket? If not, we would like to know why!

Now, students, wake up and attend your Student Body meetings! Learn what the school is doing! We realize that it is difficult for some of you to attend these Student Body meetings outside of school hours, but can you not stay at least fifteen minutes after school and show your *School Spirit*? And don't let just a few do all the talking! Don't be afraid to get up and express your sentiments! That is what we want you to do!

And now, Freshmen! You are the largest class in the history of the Astoria High School. We expect big things from you. Show us what you can do!!

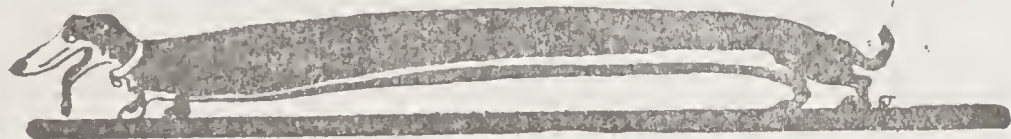
Here's for a bigger and brighter Astoria High for the year of 1914.

\* \* \* \*

Did it ever occur to you, readers of the "Zephyrus," what an important factor the advertising is toward the success of a school paper?

Without advertising we could never have a paper, for the simple reason that the advertising pays the greater part of the expenses of the paper. Now the question arises, could we, as students, do anything to help in this matter? Some may say. "Why should *we* do anything, that is the business of the advertising manager." Yes, so it is, but he can not do it all. He may be able to induce firms to advertise in the "Zephyrus," but these firms must see that they are deriving some benefit from it. This is where all the students may help and show their "School Spirit." Read the advertisements, learn who advertises in the Zephyrus, trade with advertisers, and when you make a purchase, tell them that you made it through their "ad" in Zephyrus. This will show the advertisers that they are getting results, and it will draw more and larger advertising which means a larger paper at less cost to the students. Try it and see. —D. H., '15.

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## SCHOOL NOTES

Edward Beard, '14.

The past few weeks have been filled with school activities. Football games, and other social events have been the center of attraction. Every student seems perfectly at home and is now relishing the fact that this semester is nearly gone.

But the students are not displaying the genuine school spirit that formerly characterized the Astoria High School. A limited amount of school spirit has been shown, but it lacks the support of the whole Student Body. The last foot ball game with Columbia University was one example of lacking spirit. A good crowd was present, but there was no enthusiasm among the spectators to cheer their team to victory. The majority of the students fail to take an active part in athletics and debate. Not only do you students fail to enter into these activities, but you even fail to support them. Any high school that develops athletic teams of a high caliber as our own does, surely deserves the support from the students. But no, you even scorn the idea of supporting such things. Do you realize that the future pros-

perity of our High School depends upon "School Spirit?" School spirit makes the athletic teams, and the athletic teams make a name for our school. In order to have athletics we must have money to pay for the expenses. If the students cannot support the teams then the school will go sadly in debt, and it will be necessary to abandon all forms of athletics. As before emphasized, we lack the real, genuine school spirit. The majority of the Student Body do not possess even a spark of life. There are a few that have the right spirit, but they fail dismally to persuade the rest of the students to take an active interest. It is up to each and every one of you students to do your part, so let's come out and yell and boost our school. If you can't boost don't knock, but let's all boost together for a greater and better Astoria High School.

On November the 8th the football game with Newberg High took place. Our team again showed its class by defeating that aggregation 14 to 0. The evening of the same day the much advertised "Round-Up" took place. It was an extraordinary affair, being a grand success in every respect. It was a very clever performance and a large crowd attended. The acts furnished a laugh from start to finish. The imitation of the faculty met with the universal applause of all, and displayed a wonderful amount of originality. The disciples of Mrs. Pankhurst, and the New York Symphony Orchestra were excellent. At the conclusion of the performance Ice Cream and cake were the main events.

During the next three weeks we were fortunate in having three football games. Despite these good games the attendance was very poor.

The play given under the auspices of the Astoria High School Football Association, entitled the "Doll Shop" was of high merit. It was unfortunate that the play came directly after another play, in the same theatre, as the attendance both nights was very poor. For such a clever production of home talent, it surely deserved the patronage of the people. The students who took part had practiced diligently for nearly three weeks, and had their parts perfect. Among those who took part were, Dorothy Dunbar, Dorothy Montgomery, Alice Wilson, Dorothy Stone, Ruth Handley, Mignon Allen, Donald Roberts, Wetzel Griffin, Iver Ross, Horace Trotter, Lawrence Rogers, Yvon Guillaume, Abel Wright and many others.





### *DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTES.*

Maude Larsen, '15.

The Domestic Science Department under the supervision of Miss Morehouse, is making itself a prominent department in the Astoria High School.

Our cooking laboratory and sewing rooms are both well equipped with modern conveniences, thereby enabling us to accomplish the best results.

That this department is well appreciated by the students of the A. H. S. can readily be seen by the way they rush eagerly to partake of some delicacy and they highly praise the work of the girls.

### *DEBATE.*

Asta Carlson, '15.

The try-out for the school debating team was held on Friday afternoon, November 26th. Those making the team were Ruth Spande, Asta Carlson, William Sigurdson and Lorens Logan.

The first debate of the dual series will be held at Astoria on January 9th, 1914, when the home team consisting of Asta Carlson and Lorenz Logan supporting the Affirmative will meet the St. Helens High School team on the question: "Resolved, that the United States should maintain a large navy."

The same evening the Negative team of Astoria composed of Ruth Spande and William Sigurdson will meet the St. Helens' Affirmative team at St. Helens, taking the same question.

*FORUM NOTES*

Jessie Garner.

The regular meeting of the Forum Society was held on October 24th. The business concerning a motto for the society was brought up, but on account of shortness of time it was postponed until the next meeting.

A treasurer was elected independent of the secretary; Claudia Malarkey being chosen for the office.

The program was as follows:

1. Debate—Aff. Lorens Logan, Claudia Malarkey. Neg. DeWitt Gilbert, Henrietta Paulsen.
2. Recitation—Eugene Karlson.
3. Current Events—Georgiana Garner.
4. Monologue—Miss Wise.
5. Piano Solo—Ella Abrahams.
6. Vocal Solo—Dorothy Montgomery.

The third meeting of the society was held on November 26th. The report of the motto committee was received and four mottoes were voted upon. At the vote of the society, the president pro-tem tendered greetings to the other societies.

The following program was rendered:

Debate—Aff. Jessie Garner, Floy Souden, Neg. Alex Bremner, Claudia Malarkey.

Reading—Raul Karlson.

Current Events—Donald Roberts.

Girls Chorus:—Dorothy Montgomery, Lempi Teppola, Jessie Garner.

*ALFREDIAN SOCIETY.*

Gladys Pearson, '14.

For the third time this semester the members of the Alfredian Society met on Wednesday, October 26th.

The roll was called and the minutes of the previous meeting were read and accepted. The program consisted of the following:

1. Recitation—Tyne Palderness.
2. Thanksgiving Proclamation—Fanny Heikala.
3. Thanksgiving in the Colonies—Eufem Lugnet.
4. Debate—Aff. Nancy Morrison, George Kaboth. Neg. Sam Vanice, Hazel Graves.
5. Piano Solo—Lois Chisholm.

The thanksgiving program as a whole was very good, the most interesting feature being the debate, which was the best we have had this term.

A very forcible speech was given by Albert Anderson, to arouse High School Spirit and enthusiasm for the last football game. A hearty Thanksgiving greeting was extended to all our members from the various societies.

After a few extemporaneous speeches the meeting adjourned.

### ADELPHIAN NOTES.

Agnes Lahti.

At the October meeting of the Adelpbian Society, managers for both girls and boys Basketball teams were chosen. Those elected were Ellen Wilson and George McConnon.

The program was as interesting as usual.

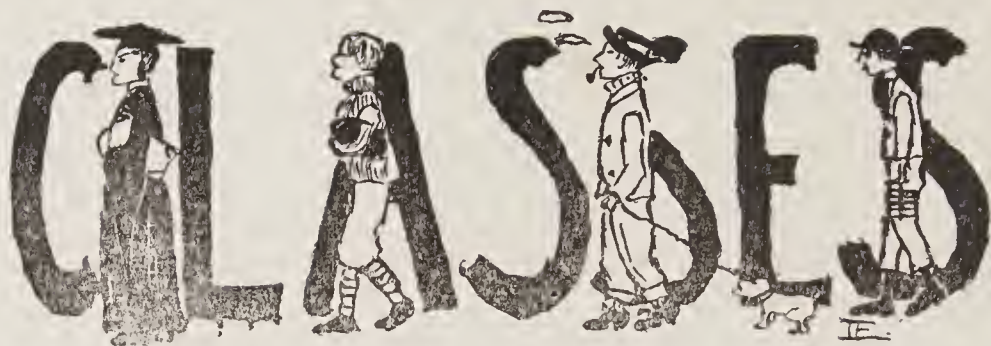
Another meeting was held on November the 26th. The program included the following:—

1. Thanksgiving Proclamation ..... Adolph Heikala.
2. Musical Reading ..... Marion Smith
3. Music ..... Miss Wuest
4. Debate:—Resolved: That the U. S. should interfere in the Mexican affair.

Aff. Anna Birch, Helma Johnson. Neg. Minnie Cummings Ida Niemela.

The Society voted in favor of the negative.





### *SENIOR NOTES.*

Georgiana Garner, '14.

The Class '14 held a meeting on Thursday, December 11th. At this meeting Gladys Pearson was elected manager of the Girl's Basketball team, and Edward Beard was unanimously elected Boy's manager.

With this beginning the Seniors expect to have two fine teams, which will undoubtedly do good work during the present Basketball season.

The members of the class were taxed twenty-five cents for any purpose deemed necessary.

### *JUNIOR NOTES.*

Jessie Garner, '15.

Altho the Junior class has had no business meetings this month, the class is well represented in school activities. The Juniors have exceptionally good material for Basketball and we expect to make a record, in both the boys' and girls' work.

The high school debating teams, both negative and affirmative are composed of Juniors—Ruth Spande, Asta Carlson, Lorens Logan and William Sigurdson. The Juniors wish them the greatest possible success.

### *SOPHOMORE NOTES.*

Grace Hammarstrom.

There has been unusual quiet among the Sophomores this month, but now as the basketball season has commenced it will give place to a period of great activity as both the Sophomore girls and boys are represented in the teams that are being organized. We have great expectations of their doing good work, and will not be disappointed because of their growing ability in this line.

The only social function of this period was a Hallowe'en party given by the Sophomores to their various friends.



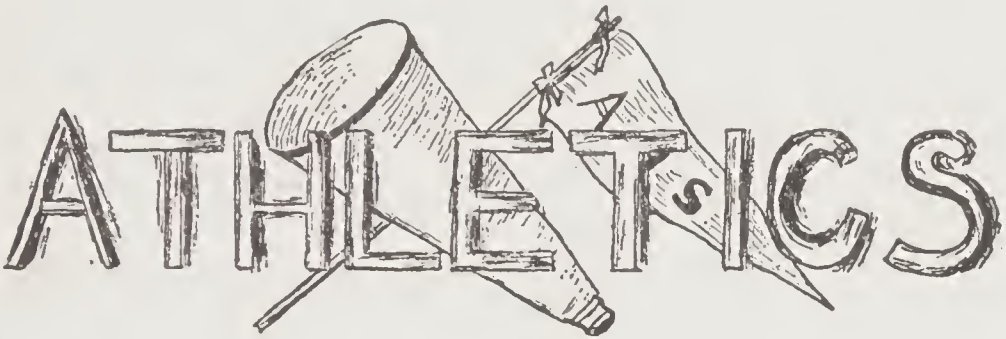
*FRESHMAN NOTES.*

Dorothy Wootton.

A special meeting of the Freshman Class was called on Wednesday, October 28th for the purpose of levying a tax on each member of the class. A 10 cent tax was decided upon.

Another meeting of the Freshman class was held on December 3rd. The election of the managers of Freshman boys' and girls' basketball took place, resulting as follows: Girls manager, Florence Reed, Boys manager, Joe Dyer

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*ATHLETICS.*

Coach Rogers.

Closely allied to A. H. S. Football is the name Rogers. Our coach and erstwhile member of the A. H. S. football team, deserves more credit than is generally handed out to him by those students of the A. H. S. who take an interest in football. This is his third year in that position and in the last two seasons he has turned out two of the strongest aggregations that ever represented the "Astoria Hi.," both of which made a strong bid for championship of the state.

*A. H. S. Vs. NEWBURG H. S..*

The fourth game of this season was played on the home grounds under excellent conditions, on November 8th. This was one of the games to decide Astoria's chance for the championship of the Willamette Valley.

The game during the first half was fast and furious, both sides playing fast ball, however, our team work gave us the advantage which resulted in Astoria scoring fourteen points to Newburgs nothing.

The second half was ragged. No scoring was done by either team, altho the ball was in Newburg's territory the greater part of the time.

For Astoria, Barry played a strong defensive game, while the work of J. Anderson in breaking up plays was laudable. Backlund's work in backing up the line was a feature of the game, while Antonich was the best ground gainer for the A. H. S.

*A. H. S. 51—FOREST GROVE H. S. 0.*

Expecting a hard game but finding just the opposite, the A. H. S. football team rolled up a total of 51 points to their opponents 0 in a one sided contest. The game was played on a dry field at the A. F. C. ground November 12th to one of the largest crowds of the season.

Astoria scored 32 points in the first and the second half, and contented themselves with 19 more points. Antonich sprung the sensation of the game, when in the third quarter, he made a touchdown from the kick off. The excellent interference of his team mates made this possible. At no period of the game was Astoria's goal in danger.

*A. H. S. 0—O. A. C. FRESHMEN 21.*

On Saturday, November 22nd the A. H. S. lost the hardest game of the season to the O. A. C. Freshmen by the score of 21—0. The game was played on a heavy, muddy field which gave our heavier opponents a great advantage.

In the first quarter. Astoria played faster ball than their opponents and succeeded in carrying the ball to within a foot of the goal line where the ball was lost on downs.

In the second quarter, the H. S. again nearly succeeded in scoring when Barry blocked a punt on O. A. C.'s 30 yard line and Anderson recovered it, making ten yards before being downed. O. A. C.'s first touchdown came in the second quarter when Blackwell blocked a punt on our 40 yard line and carried it thru a clear field for a touchdown.

In the third quarter the "Rooks" made two more touchdowns by line plunging. Wilson neatly kicked every goal. In the last quarter Astoria again came back and played the ball in O. A. C.'s territory for the remainder of the period.

Notwithstanding the defeat, the boys deserve credit for putting up a game fight and had they had the support of the students, there probably would have been a different score.

The H. S. lost the Turkey Day game to Columbia University and incidently their chances for the champinoship of Oregon. The High School team was out-weighed by their opponents several pounds to the man and were at a great disadvantage in playing under the worst weather conditions experienced this season.

For two quarters the H. S. battled successfully. In the last part of the third quarter, Planting was knocked out of the game, the defense weakened, and in the fourth quarter, Columbia put over two touchdowns and kicked one field-goal, making the score 13—0.

Planting, for his great defensive work and Barry for his kicking deserve honorable mention for this game.

The line up for Astoria was as follows:

R. E., Trotter; R. T., A. Anderson; R. G., Stine; C., Planting; L. G., J. Andersen; L. T., Barry; L. E., Moberg; Q, Burns; L. H., Antonich; R. H., Ross; F., Backlund.

Subs.—Lee for Planting; McConnon for Ross.

#### INDIVIDUAL DOPE.

“Horse” Trotter was one of the new men to make good and he played good ball at right end.

Captain Anderson, right tackle, altho there was nothing spectacular in his playing, did good work on both the offensive and defensive.

Raleigh Stine certainly put his 180 pounds to a good advantage. In another season we expect Stine to make the A. H. S. famous.

Planting was a big factor in making this year’s team a success. His wonderful work at center puts him among the top notches in scholastic football.

J. Anderson at left guard was a member of the 1912 aggregation. He showed up well in the backfield and in several of the games distinguished himself by spectacular defensive work.

We owe much to A. G. Barry who filled the position of left tackle. Speaking figuratively “the Ol’ Woman was there.” He played star ball thruout the season and his punting was one means of our gaining yardage.

Jimmie Moberg, the 130 pounder at left end and quarter was one of our surest tacklers.

Burns showed class at quarter. “Benny” ran the team well and his toe annexed many points to our scores this season.

“Tony” Antonich was our best ground gainer. This was his first year of H. S. football and he rightly deserves a place among the traditional A. H. S. “phenoms.”

Ross showed a great improvement in his playing and was a good bet for yardage.

Backlund was characterized by his great defensive work at full back. He is probably one of the best defensive players in that position that the A. H. S. ever produced.

Riley at end and Lee and Gilbert at guard also showed up well. The

two former mentioned played their first year ball, and should develop into good players.

### BASKET BALL.

Basket Ball began at the high school the Monday following the Thanksgiving football game. There was a large turn-out the first night, a good many of whom were first team material. Those who showed first team form, the first week out were: Captain Gerding, Burns, manager, Anderson, Barry, Stine, Drilling, Beard and Backlund. It is out of this bunch that Coach Rockwood hopes to make a championship team, and all indications points to success.

The management has arranged a good schedule but most of the games are to be played outside of town, owing to the expected non-support of the team. However, if teams can be brought here with financial success, we will have no trouble in arranging games on our floor so it is up to the students to make it pay.

### A. H. S. 28—COLUMBIA CLUB 20.

The first basket ball game of the season was played at the Athletic Club Hall on Saturday, December 6th, between the Columbia Club of Astoria and the A. H. S. which resulted in victory for the H. S. by the score of 28—20.

The game was a good one from a spectator's point of view and showed up the weak points of both teams which only practice can remedy. Burns starred for the H. S. and Drilling did good work while Langhart played the best ball for Columbia.

The teams with individual points lined up as follows:—

#### A. H. S.

Burns .....	13	.....F.
Drilling .....	8	.....F.
Gerding .....	6	.....C.
Barry .....		.....G.
Anderson.....	2	.....G.
Backlund.....	2	.....G.

#### COLUMBIA.

Pedersen.....	8	.....F
Johanson.....	2	.....F
Langhart.....	8	.....C
Fitcher.....		.....G.
Malagamba....		.....G.
Morgan .....	2	.....G



A. A. C. 19—A. H. S. 13.

On December 13th the Astoria Athletic Club basket ball team defeated the representatives from the A. H. S. by the score of 19 to 13. The game was fast in every sense of the word but was rough in the extreme. Burns played a brilliant game for the A. H. S. and the work of Drilling was noticeably good.

## GIRL'S ATHLETICS

### *BASKET BALL.*

By Rose O'Farrell.

Once again the Astoria High School is to be represented in the field of athletics by a girl's basket ball team. The important step in the advancement of girls' athletics was accomplished when a committee composed of Jennie Bangsund, Louise Morgan and Gladys Pearson, called upon the superintendent at his office Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Inel gave his consent for the girls of the high school to represent that institution by a basket ball team.

Great was the rejoicing when the news was heard at school. Broad grins illumined the faces of all the girls interested in basket ball.

With true feminine alacrity they immediately set about electing officers. Gladys Pearson was unanimously elected captain. Miss Pearson won a name for herself in the inter-class games played last season. Altho it was her first attempt at the game her speed and good playing caused much comment. With a little more practice Gladys will make and all round good player, hard to beat.

Louise Morgan was unanimously elected manager.

Miss Morgan played on the "Forum" team last season and was noted for her acraey in throwing field baskets. She also noted for her school spirit. Under her management the girls are sure to meet with success.

Alex Barry a member of the Boy's team has consented to coach the girls. Mr. Barry, knowing the game so well himself, will be a valuable coach and put the girls thru some hard training.

The girls are turning out with great spirit already and in a short time Miss Pearson will have no difficulty in choosing a team.

Now Girls its up to you to make this move a success. If you can't make first team yourself help someone who can make it and so help the team along. Everybody boost for the Girls first Basket Ball team.



Dorothy Dunbar, '14.

Nov. 3.—Commotion in the Study Hall—A mouse is seen in the wastebasket.

Nov. 4.—Mr. Stone interrupts an elopement.

Nov. 5.—The death-knell to running in the halls is sounded.

Nov. 6.—“Oh, we’re having lovely weather. “Football benefit at the Crystal.

Nov. 7.—Mr. Johnston gets his tongue twisted when he calls on Gladys.

Nov. 8.—The girls give their “splendiferous” Heave-Up. Football with Newberg is a side attraction.

Nov. 10.—The faculty profit by Saturday night’s suggestions. General improvement noted.

Nov. 11.—Senior English Class broken up by the “Knockus” in the basement.

Nov. 12.—Walkover game. Astoria 51—Forest Grove 0.

Nov. 13.—Boys—Cultivate the Gerding pompadour—it’s late.

Nov. 14.—Miss Wise and her abnd of German students pay a sudden call on the Study Hall and Msis Badollet.

Nov. 17, 18, 19.—Studies interrupted for three days.

Nov. 20.—The Chemistry Class holds a Smoker (?) in the lab.

Nov. 21.—Zephyrus tardy—Twenty demerits.

Niv. 24.— Zephyrus out—call again. We learn that Georgiana is secretary of the football team.

Nov. 25.—First practice for The Doll Shop. Everyone wants to be a doll.

Nov. 26.—Visions of turkey and mince-pie interrupt our studies.

- Dec. 1.—The new basketball suits dazzle the ball and it won't go in the basket.
- Dec. 2.—The boys refuse to give up the floor for show practice—polite to say the least.
- Dec. 3.—Fifteen dollars are floating around for the biggest rustler in school.
- Dec. 4.—John Russell Alsey Fox wants his name in the Calendar for celebrating his seventeenth birthday.
- Dec. 5.—Horace Trotter brings his little red wagon to school but ends in a smashup.
- Dec. 8.—President Gerding delivers a spirited oration in Basketball to five rows of attentive empty seats.
- Dec. 9.—The Chemistry class feels hilarious for once. (Laughing Gas.)
- Dec. 10.—Those modest boys just won't be admired.
- Dec. 11.—Curlers much in evidence. Does everyone know their part?
- Dec. 12.—Bargain sale of trade-lasts among the actors. At last our cards.
- Dec. 15.—“Money Talks” by Mr. Johnston.
- Dec. 16.—Why won't Alex Barry smile. Vain creature.
- Dec. 17.—Is or isn't Mignon tardy?
- Dec. 18.—All the Seniors arrive on time this morning.

2 2

Almost.

Sandy—“Hello, Babe, has your dad bought you a ticket for the game?”

Babe—“Why, no.”

Sandy—“Well, I have a couple here.”

Babe—“Oh, Sandy! then you are—”

Sandy—“Yes, I am selling them and I thought your dad might buy one.”

\* \* \*

He who laughs last is an Englishman.

\* \* \*

J. G.—What became of that poem you wrote for the Zephyrus?

L. L.—Why, I burned it up!

J. G.—Why Lorens! That's the best thing you ever did.



# Exchanges



## EXCHANGE NOTES.

Carrie Glaser, '14.

"The Tahoma" Stadium High School, Tacoma, Wash.—Up to its old standard of excellency and contains some points worthy of serious consideration. Your cover design is very attractive.

"The Klakahna," Bandon, Oregon.—If a little more space and time were devoted to the literary department we are sure it would add to the success of your paper.

"The Juno-Ed" Junction City, Oregon.—Yours is one of the best of the month. A few cute cuts would enliven your reading matter.

"The Spectrum" Jefferson High School, Portland, Oregon.—We read your literary department with a great deal of interest. The story "What's in a Name" is very cleverly written.

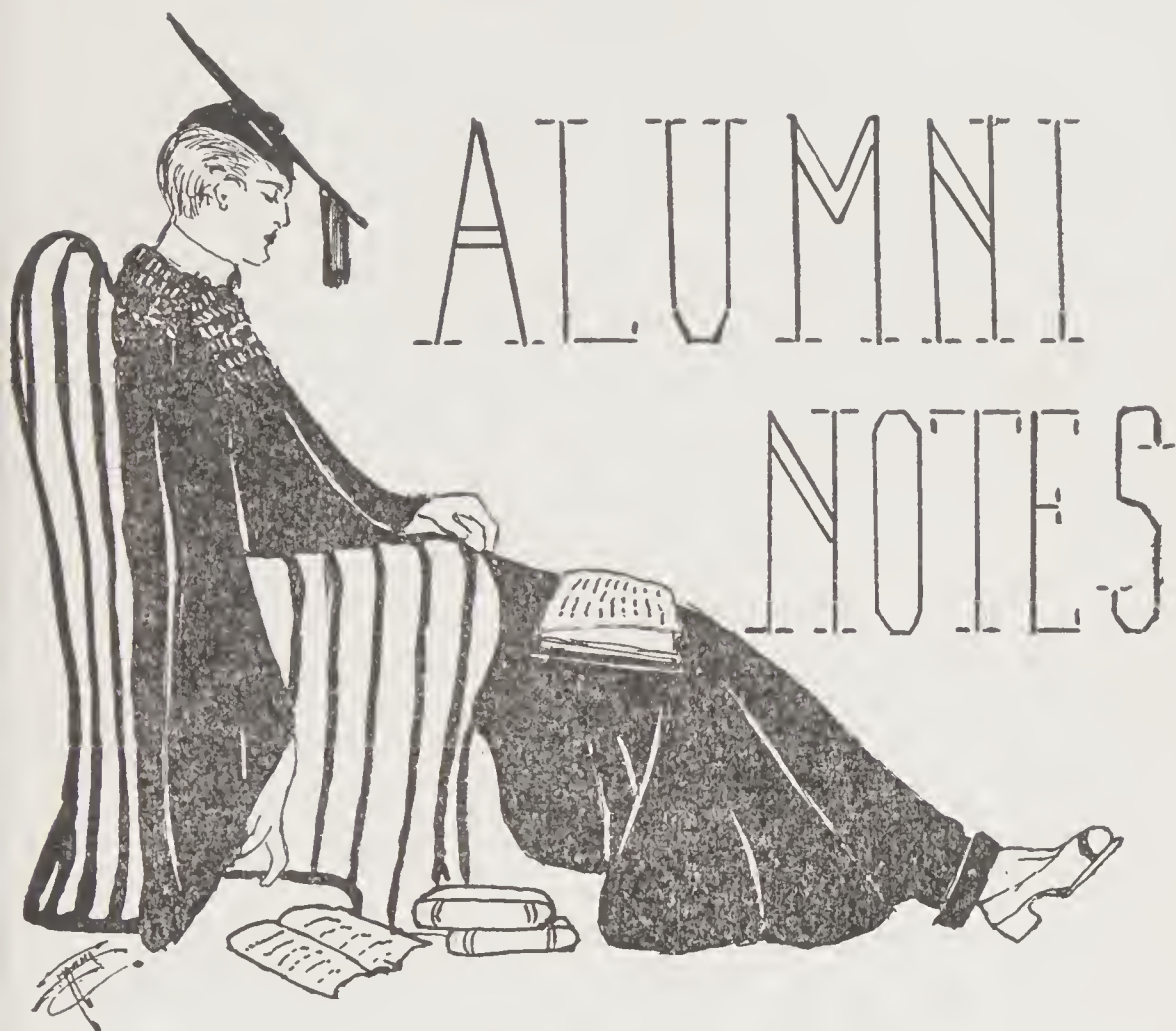
"St Helens Hall Quarterly" Portland, Oregon.—Your cuts and jokes are original. You have a well edited paper and your literary department is excellent.

"The Totem" Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.—The departments of your paper are well arranged and interesting. The literary department especially so, and your school notes written up in a snappy manner.

"The Orderly" Hill Military Academy, Portland, Oregon.—Why not install a table of contents? Otherwise as a football number, your paper is a winner.

"The Pacific Star," Mt. Angel College, Mt. Angel, Oregon.—The departments of your paper are evidently under able management. Your headings would be somewhat improved by more art work.





Russell Fox, '14.

Otto E. Utzinger, of the class of '06 is a Senior at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

Yvon D. Guillume, '07, is enjoying the pleasures of matrimonial bliss in this city.

Donald M. Stuart, '07, is in the real estate business in Portland.

A. Hamilton Garner, also of the class of '07 is home for a visit from South America, where he is connected with a large oil syndicate.

Ruby W. Hammarstrom is teaching in the High School at St. Helens, Oregon.

Mrs. Frank Parker, nee Gertrude Barker of '08 is living in Bend, Oregon.

Nellie Wilson has a position in the grade school here.

Mrs. Mervyn Troyer. Nee Fanny Gregory '10. is living in Seattle.

Edwin S. Short, 1909, will be graduated from Annapolis in June.

Brewer Billie, 1911, is a member of the Football team of O. A. C.

Dea Imel, 1913, is pledged to Alpha Chi Omega at Washington.

Mary Ward, 1913, who is attending Pullman College, is another pledge. She has gone Kappa Alpha Theta.

James Moberg, 1913, and Walter Mattson are taking Post Graduate studies in our High School.

Fred Hardesty, '11, has made the U. of Oregon Debating team, which is considered a great honor. Mr. Hardesty was an active member of our high school, holding several important offices.

Emma Wootton, '12, editor of the "Zephyrus" last year, is a Gamma Phi Beta pledge. Miss Wootton is a member of both the Girls' Glee Club and the Dramatic Club.

### WAUREGAN SOCIETY.

Ruth Spande, '15.

The October meeting of this semester was held in Miss Badollet's room. At 2 o'clock the meeting was called to order by the president. After the roll call the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The following program was rendered:

1. Biography of Longfellow—Fred Erickson.
2. National Events—Sherman Wright.
3. Reading "Panama Canal"—Max Riely.
4. Debate: Resolved, that the noon hour should be shortened to twenty minutes and have school dismissed at 2:30 P. M.

Affirmative, Rose O'Farrel and John Reitel. Negative, Raleigh Stine and Elizabeth Hart.

We then heard the report from our critic Mr. Rockwood. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

Extemporaneous speeches were called on from the following pupils with the following subjects.

1. "Poles"—William Sigurdson.
2. "Trees"—John Finney.
3. "Rats"—Gail Hardesty.
4. "Bridges"—Horace Trotter.

A motion was made seconded and carried that a committee of three be appointed by the president to select a pin suitable for the society and one at a suitable price and report at the next meeting. The committee appointed was Jennie Bangsund, William Sigurdson and Gail Hardesty.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

The November meeting of our society proved a great success as the "Wauregan Spirit" was shown by all. After the meeting was called to order by the president, a report was heard from the committee on Pins and from the program committee. A most interesting program was given, as follows:

1. History of Thanksgiving Day—Jane Smith.
2. Essay on John Erickson—Dolph Hardesty.
3. Recitation—Alma Petersen.
4. Recitation—First Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor—Jennie Bangsund.
5. An Original Thanksgiving Story—Nell Fairhurst.
6. Debate: "Resolved that Oregon should abolish Capital Punishment."

Affirmative, John Finney and Dan Stewart. Negative, Maude Larsen and Joe Dyer.

Besides the above we had the pleasure of listening to an address to the society by Rev. Gilbert, who is an Honorary Member of the society.

Miss Weist by special request favored the society with a few selections on the piano which were highly appreciated by all.

We also had with us William Spark, who was formerly a member of this society. He favored the society with a few words of farewell as he soon leaves for the Phillipine Islands.

The judges chosen for the debate were Rev. Gilbert and Mr. Rockwood. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

By motion Miss Weist was made an honorary member of our society.

Nominations for basketball managers were next in order. Mr. Beard was unanimously elected manager of the boys. An extemporaneous speech was requested. Miss O'Farrel was unanimously elected manager of the girls team.

The meeting adjourned at 3:05 P. M.



Miss K. Pritchett in Eng. VI—"I would like to take Shelly's life tomorrow."

Student—"Too bad, he's already dead."

\* \* \*

Albert (while Gail was telling his fortune)—"What are my feet a sign of?"

Gail H.—"A sign of a big understanding."



Miss P.—“Donald have you a stick of gum in your mouth?”

D. R.—“No ma’am, two sticks.”

C. M.—“Fred Erickson ‘fell for me’ yesterday.”

N. L.—“How’s that?”

C. M.—“He tripped over my umbrella.”

\* \* \*

Just take notice, you will see  
When each star gets his sweater  
How many resolutions are made  
To next year win a letter.

\* \* \*

M. A. (discussing “Pilgrim’s Progress”)—“I have reached the  
“Palace Beautiful.”

L. L.—“I fail to see the transformation.”

\* \* \*

S. S. Teacher reading,—“The Gazites and the Perizites made—

Pupil—“Teacher, where did the Gazites live?”

S. S. Teacher—“In Gaza.”

Pupil—“Then I suppose the Perizites came from Paris.

\* \* \*

Parady on “Mr. Finney had a turnip.”

“Mr Bunyan had a bunion, and it grew upon his toe,

And it grew, and it grew

And the bunion hurt him so.”

C. M., '15.



Miss K. P. Pritchett, "Billie Heekard can you use the word, 'ideal' in a sentence?"

B. H.—"In summer I deal in fruits and in winter I deal in old clothes."

Ex.

\* \* \*

Miss Pritchett—"David was called the 'sweet singer' because he sang what?"

Freshie, brilliantly,—"Songs." Ex.

\* \* \*

Mr. Roekwood—"Here there, what are you laughing at? Are you laughing at me?"

A. A.—"No, sir?"

Mr. R.—"Then I don't see what else there is to laugh at."

\* \* \*

Miss B. (to D. R. who was looking for a desk in the study hall) "Donald you are worse than a 'Wandering Jew.'"

\* \* \*

If you would be well informed, read the paper. Even a paper of pins will give you some points.—Ex.

\* \* \*

Alex Barry had a fall  
Of course the trouble was basket-ball,  
The loss was very sad indeed,  
Gee, he lost his two front teeth.—E. B.

\* \* \*

D. M.—"Doctor, my face pains me. What can I do for it?"

Doctor—"I don't know, you might see a beauty specialist."

\* \* \*

Freshie—"Why does Miss Badollet wear glasses?"

Wise Senior—"Her eyes are affected by looking at so many bright pupils."—Ex.

\* \* \*

"Will anyone ever come between us, said he, oh! so tender  
And a small voice under the couch piped up," She'd have to be  
mighty slender."

\* \* \*

Paradise—Bachelor.

Paradise Lost—Married.

Paradise Regained—Widowed.

"Even Alexander the Great had Tyre trouble."—Ex.

\* \* \*

If you have a joke  
Even if dry as dust  
Drop it in the hat-box  
Marked "To Zephyrus."

\* \* \*

Essay on Burns.

Author, Tom Carlisle.

Introductory sentence—Burns first came on the world as an affliction.

Central theme—I.—Burns are caused by contact with a hot object.

2—The longer the contact the deeper it Burns.

Secondary theme:—Ice applied immediately relieves Burns.

Cold water is also good.

Conclusion—Most Burns are painful.

—T. G. S. '14.

\* \* \*

Miss Ward (in Eng. VII) "What is a short story?"

DeWitt G—"It's just a short story."

Miss W.—"A very intelligent answer."

\* \* \*

Senior—"Has that kid over there any sisters?"

Wise Freshie—"Yeh, he has one. He tried to tell me he had two half-sisters, but I know too much about fractions.

\* \* \*

"In The School House."

In the school house, the school house, there's Hazel, Annie, Agnes

And there never is a minute Ruth and Nellie are not in it,

Tests on Mondays, tests on Tuesdays, tests most all the time,

Lots of puzzling questions and its worse than losing dimes

In the school house, the school house, there's Claudia, Louise and  
Myrtle,

And the things they do would make you wish that you  
Belong to the High School in Astoria.

\* \* \*

Blanche L.—"I can't go to the Thanksgiving game because we are going to have dinner at 2:30."

Ruth S.—"Oh you just grab a drumstick and beat it."

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R. O. (just before Xmas)—Why do we have our test this week?  
It's only the second week of the month!

Miss Pritchett. — Yes, I know but you see Christmas comes next week

R. O. — Gee, something is sure going to happen. Even Mr. Johnston is giving tests this week.

Slam ? ! ! X ! We wonder?

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